## BEAUTY'S CARNIVAL

Woman's Loveliness Set Off by Fashion's Art at the Horse Show.

## SOUND AND SHAPELY

Is the Feminine Form of To-day as Developed by Gymnastic Culture.

nes of the Winter Are Rich and Sim ple and Vantly Becoming - Methods of Margaret Lindley on Advanced Gymnastic Art-Fade of the World's Faircet Who Ran Riot on Curios-The Omnipresent Halrpin-Walter Beant Explains Illia

Mighty is the function of the Horse Show. Not only does it open the season in Vanity Fair. but it prescribes the mode as well, and puts an end to conjecture concerning "what they to hold the great yearly dress festival, very mands the taste and skill of the most gifted fashionable dress. The first thing we learn from this very fascinating object study ! that afternoon dress is very plain, smart rather than elaborate, and evidently tailor The day dress par excellence hop sacking or rough cloth.







inside of the sleeve when the puff parted a little and the color was pulled through.

Another pretty waist worn with the black gowns was of accordion plaited tulle made up

gowns was of accordion plaited tulie made up over a white lining, the sleeves, of course, he ing all binck, and the color and belt of a celor, turquoise blue, pale green, or the heautiful glowing cerise, which is the most popular color of the senson. But waists of pale blue, or of crimson crape were well worn, and oven the great Mrs. Vandernit wore agown of black with a decoration of yellow about the bodies; and Mrs. Henry clew's black gown was trimmed with lace over yellow. White lace was greatly used in the decoration, and, though the faney for black and white has developed into a fad and grown common, when the black is velvet or brocade and the lace duchesse or point, the effect is anything but cheap or ordinary.

The colored gowns demonstrated the fact that the day of cloth for evening and dressy wear is over. It is in



else draped up a little on either his to fall or graceful lines down either side the skirt, the back hanging plain and full. Of special toilets one of the handsomest had



Of special toilets one of the handsomest bad a skirt of green veivet, the tunic shaped overdress slashed from the belt down in front, and at the back falling in two plaited panels on either side, all the edges being finished with a fine narrow gimb of green and gold. The waist of the gown was of velvet, the sleeves of silk, slashed through with velvet pullings.

Another rich and handsome toilet had a skirt of black velvet, made perfectly plain, and a full-skirted coat of dull red satis, handsomety trimmed with jet and worn with an ermine plaited tippet, the little hat being made of ermine tails and jet, with dull red roses. One of the prettlest women at the Horse Show came in with nothing on her head but a small jet butterfly standing erect above the softly waved and parted tresses over her forehead. The butterfly seemed to be held in place with a narrow band of sparkling stuff pinned through with jewelled pins.

Several of the handsomest dresses had an old-fashioned short apron everskirt, which was made of a single breadth of silk draged across the front and forming two long sashike ends at the back. A striking black dress had ruffles of handsome brocaded ribbon over the shoulders beneath ruffles of white hee, and the same ribbon fastened around the waist in a twist was knotted at the back in a rosette and hung in two long ends to the bottom of the gown.

Another gown of dark rich silk in many colors had a plainly fitted waist of white heavy lace, with fur bretelles over the shoulders and bassing down to shoulder and

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the preservation of health, the ladies are in despair because the powder goes and the defects of their complexions are no longer concealed. Hence there is always ademand for powder that will adhere to the skin in spite of the healt and, to secure this end, it often happens that rice powder is mixed with tale or with chalk or subnitrate of bismuth; and the more successful the result the greater the injury done to the skin and the health of the person who makes use of such contrivances. person who makes use of such contrivances.

THE WOMAN SOUND AND SHAPELY. Knowledge, Health, and Symmetry Come with the Body's Systematic Improvement -Methods of Margnerite Lindley, the Ex-ponent of Advanced Gymnastic Art.

Physical culture for women is being evoluted from a fad into a serious science, and is accepted by intelligent people as one of the ygienic essentials of existence under the exactions of nineteenth century conditions.

The pioneer advocates of physical culture were pretty women who posed in Greek gowns with sandailed feet and filleted tresses as inspired apostles of a new gospel of beauty, and taught at exorbitant rates the charm of woven paces and waving hands" to their exclusive and infatuated followers. These willowy creatures, bending, swaying, gliding from one statuesque pose to another yet more classic, worked entirely upon the vanity of women, and the lame and halt, the corpulent and the scraggy, swallowed the balt and believed they had only to put on a Greek dress and do so many bends a day to become as beautiful as the dreams Praxiteles perpetuated in marble. There was something pathetic in the faith of

the woman of 200 pounds avoirdupols that in-spired within her the heroism to take, or try to take, the Mercury pose in a skirt to her knees and before a roomful of her kind. But when these mothers in Israel had bent and contorted their stiffened members to the verge of cramps and rheumatism, and still the fairles' gift of beauty did not crown their efforts, but rather to her that had too much flesh more was given, and to her that had not was taken away that practice was abandoned, the teacher, who was a fad like her art, lost her prestige. and all was as before, save that the heart of woman had been awakened to long for better things physically. Many of these systems have arisen, had their little day, and fallen into decadence because of their futility. Much amateur work is still done by

cown internal conomy, and the fundamental principle of physical culture must be to teach every woman something of her own structure and organism. Now, the absurdity of teaching a dozen women of different conditions a set, or as it is ambitiously called a system of movements which should benefit all alike, the delicate and the strong, the stout and the thin, has been demonstrated in the failure of the system to accomplish its purpose. I make a diagnosis of each individual who presents hersoif to me for lessans—a diagnosis of all the organs, of the inheritances or environments that have a tendency to produce disease.

"Now, I do not claim that this is a physician's diagnosis, for I have no doctor's diplome, but I have studied and read much with the dectors during the two years I have spent in preparation for this work, into which so many people tumble without any preparation

lunch party into a regular physical culture lesson with their questions and conversation, when I have a lecture to deliver before it and after it. And women do ask some absurd questions, like the deaf lany who said the other day: 'What do I want of physical culture? I nm as fat as a porpoise now.'

"You see, if I did not know how to utilize all my resources. I might not be able to lear up under things like that. The greatest thing shout the work to me, is that I can help women to realize their highest possibilities. So much is expected of women now, professionally, see in the lecturally, that they need to have all their physical powers well under control, to know how to rest, how to react from the demands of our very exhausting life, how to care for the very delicate bodies we have inherited from mothers who rever took care of their bodies at all. The health and vigor of its mothers. The health of the women sets the standard."

FADS OF THE HORLD'S FAIREST.

How the Purchase of One Curto May Set the Feminine Mind Upon Collecting Many. An epidemic of fads has set in as a direct resuit of the World's Fair. People who had held out long and stoutly against the temptation to 'collect" things came under the spell at the White City.

A critical analysis of the "fad fever" has ret to be written. It is contracted in various ways. It is with fads as it is with greatness. Some people are born with fads, some acquire them, and others have fads thrust upon them, Of this last variety are the people who have, by chance perhaps, received a present or presents, which have subtly inspired them with the mania for acquiring other things of the same nature. In this way, for example, many a fine and otherwise admirable young woman has, by the gift of perhaps a single silver spoon, been transformed into one of the spoon flends who have been at once such trying, and yet such pathetic, figures during the past few years.

Other people acquire fads. Ther "take them up." These are the people who have more money than they have tastes. They gratify their small likings without exhausting "spending money," so to speak, and they "take up" a fad for teapots, or fans, or, in general, anything that they have heard some one else is collecting. And there are the born faddists. They are

the people who have a single strong laney or love for something. The man who collects musical instruments because he cannot help it probably loved them when he was a baby,

musical instruments because he cannot help futility. Much amateur work is still done by women endowed with fine physical proportions and little besidos save a few stock ideas and movements, to the detriment of the art and of those who seek to teach or study it intelligently.

But in spite of its false prophets and teachers, physical culture has been advanced to a fine and accurate science, with well-established premises and proved principles.

"The aim of real physical culture," said Miss Marguerite Lindley, the exponent of the advanced art among the society leadors of the city, where every art seeks now its appreciative and generous patrons, "is self-knowledge, self-preservation, and self-improvement. The average woman, however well informed on general subjects, is a perfect stranger to her own internal economy, and the fundamental principle of physical culture must be to teach every woman something of her own structure and organism. Now, the absurdity of teaching a dozen women of different conditions a set, or as it is ambitiously called a system of movements which should tenedit ail alike, the delicate and the strong, the stort and the thin, has been demonstrated in the failure of the system to accomplish its purpose, I make a diagnosis of each individual who presents herself to me for lessons—a diagnosis of all the organs, of the inheritances or environments that have a tendency to produce discusse.

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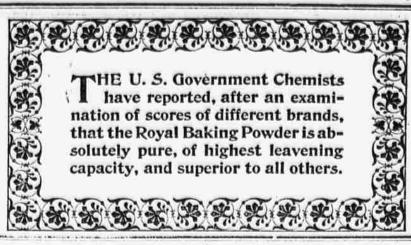
where—out of sight." Never? Well, I have surely made some efforts to persuade other people that they ought to be Indignant. But no doubt the writer speaks the plain fruit—she is the Fairy Candida—she is the Nymph Veritus herself—I am doubtless personally incapable of indignation. Pity! Next—and this is really a most curious mix up—who deen and a she asks, more women? The employer? she replies triumplantly. The employer? she replies triumplantly. The employer? she replies triumplantly. The employer? How fooths hut to have found it out? And, rray, why does the employer demand more women? Not, of course, because he can get them sheap! Oh! No! No! at all! The invasion, "cries the writer," of women into man's work! Why his more than hers?" Perbars the writer means that all kinds of work belong equally to men and to women. Then the article goes on to say that we need not deplore in fate of the men who are driven out to newer countries. We need not, indeed, What we do deplore is the fate of the country from which the men—all but the feeblest and the most incompetent—will in driven out when all the work, as the writer desires, has been bedily taken over by the women. And then we have a few words about the "thruldom of marriage" and the "oupression of men," which exactly illustrate what was said above about the crention and fostering of sex flatred. From poonly who write, or who permit such writing, I can find no hope whatever for the uninappy women who are sweated and orpressed—not by "men" as men, but by their employers, men or women a sometimes rich, sometimes as poor as their victims, Nothing ever has been rained, nothing ever will be gained, by this separation of the interests of man and woman. Nothing its perventing as the happiest lot for the average man and the average woman.

THE OMNIPRESENT HAIRPIN.

Men Look at It Askence, While Woma-Applies It to Many Uses,

A hairpin is an object which possesses strange interest for the masculine mind. A woman regards a hairpin with as little respect ordinarily as a common pin. Indeed, she is even less careful of its acquisition, for there is no adage offering a day's good luck as a reward for picking up a bairpin. But a man who comes across a stray hairpin.

n a car seat, for instance, regards it with an air of timed triumph, and perhaps offers it to tho nearest woman from whose back hair it ould possibly have fallen. And he is generally snubbed for his pains. But it is when he beholds a woman putting a hairpin to othe than what he regards as its legitimate purpose that he is most impressed. The woman who reaches around to her back hair, deftly extracts a hairpin, bites it together, and then buttons her gloves as nonchaintly as if she were using simply the fingers with which nature provided her, is an object of respectful, but intense, admiration to every man in sight. But if a woman wants to rivet all masculine eyes, she has only to buy a new magazine and cut the leaves with a hairpin. Whole car londs of steady business men, not easily impressed by the frivolities of woman, have been held spellbound by this little act. Inssengers on the eleavated trains have been anable to tear themselves from the contemplation of the process, and have sat still, with troubled but watchful eyes, as they hend their station called. The other day the writer saw at least twenty men watching, with breathless interest, the hairpin method of magazine cutting, as practised by a very swell young woman, who was apparently unconscious of the scrutiny which followed her every movement. When she finally replaces the hairpin in her fluffy locks every man of the twenty gave a sligh, and then looked sneepishly at his neighbor. As for the young woman, she turned to look out of the window, but there was a covert look of amused satisfaction in her eye which intimated that her unconsciousness of observation had been in appearance only. buttons her gloves as nonchalantly as if she



Lady Nicotine." The Imperial Institute is Lady Meedine." The Imperial Institute is about to have smoking concerts. Now, some idea members of the Institute are women. What shall be done with them? Some one has suggested that the two across he seated apart, thus separating the smoking men from the women. It isn't just clear what good this would do, but maybe Mrs. Grundy would be satisfied.

There is always a cry for fresh table decorations. Mr. Whistler has a protty taste, and sometimes adorns his dinner table in a manver unforgetable. For instance: A long white
string tablecloth, table napsins of the linest
damask stamped in a corner with the tamous
butterfly, a little—a very little—bine china
containing single white chrysanthemums, in
the middle an ivery bird cage, and in it some
birds hopping from gilded perch to perch.
Everything is served upon dishos of choicest
Empire silver. The champagne is always
en cardes. Then Mr. Whistler is very
fond of the plats that most pleased the
diners of bygone centuries, poneceks served
with their tails full spread, a sucking pig
skewered with skewers of silver, and champing a little orange between its teach. On his
death Mr. Whistler is going to present to the
kingdom of Spain—that it may hang with the
works of his master. Velasquez—a full length
picture of himself in evening dress, done by
him in his artistic prime, and as yet unseen by
any eves save those of his mother and two or
taree of his most intimate admirers. sometimes adorns his dinner table in a man-

COREA A VERY STRANGE COUNTRY. Notes of an English Traveller and Botanist,

From he Gardeners' Chroniete Cores. June 1.-Since writing. I have trav

elled 600 miles through the centre of the country: the journey was performed on ponies, taking exactly twenty-eight days, of which four days were devoted to repose or being entertained. From eight to ten hours a day, sometimes through unavoidable circumstances more, were spent in the saddle; for ten days the sun blazing the whole time and varying between 85° and 100° in the shade, and what was worse, the nights were nearly as hot as the days. The remainder of the time we had some cloudy days, some equally hot. Tinned meats and rice were my provisions, the latter of excellent quality. I was received by the highest officials up to Prince Ming. Governor of the most important Corean province, and said to be the leading man in the kingdom next to the King. He told me the hair of for-eigners was red because they drank sheep's

THE CRUISE OF THE BUGAROO. An Old Sait's Tale Agent the Fitting Out of

Pelxoto's Fleet. During the bustle and confusion of getting Peixoto's improvised fleet ready for sea at the Morgan Iron Works yesterday, a very old salt sat upon the stringpiece of the dock squirting tobacco juice into the water below and smiling sardonically at the warlike preparations.

"In nigh on fifty year o' buildin', fittin', an' sailin' ships," ho said, "I never see nuthin' like this 'cept l'at Canty's cruise i' the Bugaboo. "Never hear of the Bugaboo?" the old man went on, shifting his quid as saflormen do when about to spin a yarn. "Well, that is singlar. Thought there wasn't no one hereabouts as hadn't heard of Pat Canty and the

cruise of the Bugaboo. "It was in '77," he explained. "the year o' the big fire in St. John. I was there in a square rigger for a lead of deals for Australia. I'd been in the lumber trade between St. John and Liverpool off and on for years, and got to know most that made their livin' about the wharves, among 'em Pat Canty, the scowman. Pat had been in Canada about forty year. He had a dirty old seew, and him and his half-witted son Mickey did pretty well scowin' deals and buying junk. The old man didn't know none too much at that, and he'd never been out o' St. John harbor from the time he come there in an immigrant ship. He was mighty fond o' money, though, and

was well known to the sailormen as come to

the bluenose port, by his sharp way o' drivin'

bargains for old rope and odds and ends. Well, when the fire come an burned the whole town there was a big boom in the coastin' trade. Them blueneses started right in to build up the town, and there wasn't schooners enough to carry the bricks. Jumber, sand, and mortar as was needed to do it. Freights jumped right up, and all the old condemned hulks that was a-rottin' at the worm-eaten wharves along the Bay o' Fundy was shoved into the water, manned with any men that would go, and pressed into the brick carryin' biz. Ye never see sich a fleet in yer life, 'cept this here Brazilian lot o' cripples, and that's what made me think o' Pat Canty and the